

Horatius Flaccus (L.) [Sequenti]
THE
TWENTIETH EPISTLE
OF
HORACE
TO HIS BOOK,

Modernized by the AUTHOR of FEMALE
CONDUCT, and applied to his own Book.

AND

Intended as an Answer to the Remarks on his Book, made by
the Writer of the *Critical Review*, and by the Writer of the
Monthly Review.

*Ye monthly Scriblers! my Advice pursue,
O'er-look another's Faults,———your own review.*

Cave, cave, namque in malos asperimus,
Parata tollo cornu;
Qualis Lycambæ spretus infido gener,
Aut acer hostis Bupalò;
An si quis atro dente me petiverit,
Inultus ut flebo puer?
HORACE, Epod. VI. against Cassius Severus, a malici-
ous Scribler.

Modernized, for the FAIR SEX.

*Beware, beware, I meditate a Blow,
To hireling Critics, a vindictive Foe;
As when fierce Dryden, his Mack-flecno writ,
Or Pope his Dunciad, arm'd with hostile Wit;
Torn by the Critic's envious Tooth, shall I
Weep without Vengeance, like a sniv'ling Boy?*

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. OWEN, at *Homer's Head*, near *Temple-Bar*.

MDCCLIX.

H. O. R. A. C. E.

TO THE F. O. O. F. F.

CONDUCTED BY THE F. O. O. F. F.

AND THE F. O. O. F. F.

THE F. O. O. F. F.

THE F. O. O. F. F.



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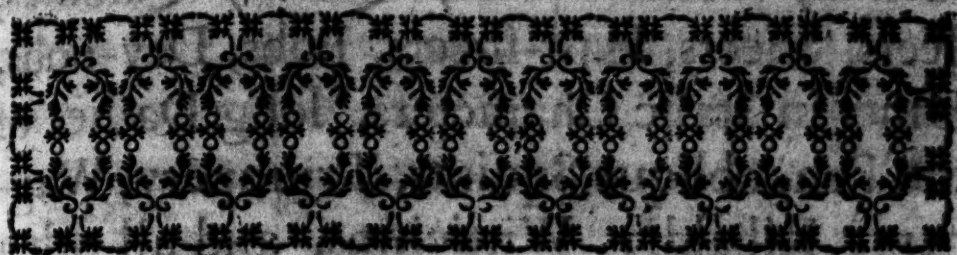
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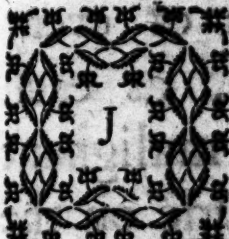
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ADVERTISEMENT.


 U S T as the Author of *Female Conduct* had predicted in his Preface, so it came to pass. No sooner had he thrown out his poetical Bait to the small Fry of minor Critics, than they immediately crouded about it, in Shoals, nibbling, and pulling it to Pieces, by gradual Diminutions. In vain, had he endeavoured to anticipate their petulant Malevolence, they attacked his Poem in Monthly Public Papers, whose Scurilities were afterwards retailed by the Weekly Journals.

The first Attack was made by the Writer of a Monthly Paper, called the *Critical Review*, that Wholesale trading Critic, who deals in all the small Ware of Criticism,

such as, Conundrums, Quirks, Quibbles, Jeers, Sneers, Half-sneers, Bobs, Dry-bobs, Hints in Italic Characters, long Dashes of the Pen, oblique Squints, Trumpery, Wag-gery, Ribaldry, Witticisms, and all other Critical Mechanism of all Sorts, and Kinds whatever.

This trading Critic began with the Dedication, and proceeded thro' the Preface, the Ode modernized from *Horace*, and the whole Poem, making Use of every small Implement of Criticism, as each might be most subservient to his malignant Purposes. He passed over the Ode on the Death of the Duke of *Marlborough* uncensured, which may be reckoned a Wonder, that any Thing should escape his petulant Censure, for, like Death itself, these small Critics spare Nothing. To give the Reader a Taste of his Critical Talent, the Author will here exhibit to him, in a cursory Manner, the chief Remarks, he has made on this Poem.

His chief Remarks on the Preface are, that the Author needs not fear being thought too much a Poet, although the Author has not expressed any such Fear in his
Pre-

Preface, and that the Author needs not make any Apology, for what must be agreeable, altho' the Author has made no such Apology; and then he concludes with a feint Commendation of the Morality of the Undertaking, and wishes, it may prove an Antidote to the Poison of immoral, and irreligious Books; the Author wishes, he could commend this Critic's Writings on the same Account, for he is well informed, that the principal Aim of his *Critical Review* is, to mislead and deceive the Judgment of his Readers, by Misrepresentations, and false Glosses, and to disparage, and depreciate every New Book, that has not some Recommendation to his Partiality, or some Connection of Interest with him, or his Confederates.

He next proceeds to the Ode modernized from *Horace*, and says, the Author might have saved himself the Trouble of lacing his own *Latin* Lines, in the Margin of that Ode; here he seems willing, by his oblique Squints, to find Fault with the Author's Supplemental *Latin* Stanzas, but being conscious of his Inability, he prudently says nothing on that Head; the
 Author

Author here may justly apply to him, what Mr. Pope has said of one, who by no means deserved such a Censure;

*Just hints a Fault, and hesitates Dislike,
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to
strike.*

He then attacks the Poem, and with a facetious Half-sneer, says, that it contains many curious Particulars: He then desires the Author to explain to him, in what Manner, the Antients drank live Embers, (the two last Words being printed in Italics) and ridicules the Author for using that Expression, in his Description of *Portia's* Death.

For the Explanation of that Manner, the Author refers him to the Poet *Martial*, who, in an Epigram on that Subject, has very poetically described the Manner, in the elegant Words, that follow.

*Conjugis audisset fatum cum Portia Bruti,
Et subtracta sibi quæreret arma dolor;
Nondum scitis, ait, mortem non posse negari?
Credideram, satis hoc vos docuisse Patrem;
Dixit*

*Dixit, et ardentes avido bibit ore favillas,
I, nunc et ferrum, Turba molesta, Nega.*

In this Epigram, *Martial* has clearly explained the Manner of *Portia's* drinking live Embers, viz. *avidore*, in a greedy voracious Manner, as being impatient of Life, and determined not to survive her Husband; for certainly *Bibo* must signify to drink, and *avidore*, a voracious Manner of drinking. Here the sneering Critic triumphs without a Victory. By this ridiculous Remark, he has not only discovered his Ignorance of the Classic Poets, but of the Language and Spirit of Poetry, not knowing that poetical Language differs much from prosaic.

His next Remark is, that the Author in Page 59, candidly owns, that he *laboured hard* to bring his Poem to Perfection, had he not printed the Author's Words in Italics, he would have been at a Loss to know, what the Critic could mean by this Remark; for *Horace*, the best Poet and Critic, tells us, that every Writer must labour hard, to bring his Work to Perfection, and that Perfection in Writing can only be attained

tained by the tedious Toil of the polishing File, which he elegantly terms, *limæ labor, et mora*. That Poet also says,

That length of Time, and many a Blot, are necessary, to the Production of a finished Piece, *multa dies, et multa litura*. Virgil calls his last Eclogue his last Labor, *extremum hunc, Arctusa, mihi concede Laborem*.

Our Countryman, Mr. Waller, says,
Poets lose half the Praise they would have got,
Were it but known, what they discreetly blot.

But this extempore Scribler thinks, that Writing with Ease is what may be easily writ. Such indeed are all his Works, that have yet appeared in Public; and I question not, but this delicate Critic has a natural Dread of a Blot, and thinks it a Disgrace to a Writer.

Sed turpem putat in Scriptis, metuitque Lituram.

In the next Page, he calls the two following Verses, a curious Paradox.

Her

*Her witty Child, let the fond Mother boast,
You show most Wit, when you conceal it most.*

As a Paradox properly signifies a Thing contrary to common, or vulgar Opinion, the Author does not wonder, that this Precept should seem a Paradox to a Scribler, who is always showing his Wit, at the Expence of his Understanding, and his spiteful Teeth, without biting; it may be reasonably supposed, that this small Critic never heard, that to conceal Art is the Master-piece of Art, *Ars est, celare artem*. These are Paradoxes, he does not understand; but if he would learn to practise the Author's paradoxical Precept, which he so wittily sneers for Want of understanding it, he would not only be esteemed more witty, but a wiser Man; for, as Mr. *Selden* says in his *Table-talk*, An over-witty Person is always showing his Wit, as a Child does a new Coat, till he be-daubs it, by too often showing it. This Critic adds, that the Author has a particular Knack at concealing his Wit, to which the Author recriminates, that the Critic has a particular Knack at showing his Ignorance,

B

norance, in all his vain Attempts to be witty. The Author therefore advises him to suspend his witty Sarcasms, on the Works of others, and to review his own Works; if he would read *Female Conduct*, with an Intention to profit by its Precepts, as well as to find Faults, he would find there some Advice, that may be of Service to him, in the future Conduct of his Life, by which he may still the loud Clamors, and Complaints of many worthy Personages, whom he has abused, in a very injurious Manner, by petulant Censure, and opprobrious Calumny.

*None, but the Faultless, should the Faulty
blame,*

Who then will dare arraign another's Fame?

Ah! strike not, conscious you deserve a Blow,

The guiltless only, the first Stone, may throw;

By your own Frailties humbled, others spare,

To them indulgent, to your self severe;

*Have you no Faults, while others you de-
fame?*

*Perhaps far greater, than the Faults, you
blame;*

Chri-

*Christian Benevolence; and Candor sweet,
Disarm fierce Obloquy, and Love create;
By gentle Manners, you may Malice sooth,
And soften Envy, by Behavior smooth.*

In the Page, where the Critic discovered this curious Paradox, as he facetiously calls it, there are some preceptive Lines, which not only set this Paradox in a very clear Light, but would be of great Service to this Critic, if he would give due Attention to them; for the Author there speaks of the false Pretence, and Affectation of being witty.

*Ne'er to the Character of Wit pretend,
This often loses, seldom gains a Friend;
Some, the Repute of Wit so fondly prize,
They aim, more to be witty thought, than
wise;*

*This tinsel Fame, by some, is so esteem'd,
They dare be impious, to be witty deem'd;
Where the vain Aims of such false Wit ap-
pear,*

*We seldom find true Understanding there.
A pert Vivacity, Wit's Counterfeit,
Is oft mistaken, for true genuine Wit;*

*As Dulness oft the Garb of Wisdom wears,
In outward Form, each grave alike appears,
So the false Jewel, with its mimic Rays,
Bears faint Resemblance of the Diamond's
Blaze.*

In the next Paragraph, this superficial Critic remarks, that there is something so agreeable, yet familiar, in the Author's Precepts. It is to be hoped, that he will think the precedent Advice agreeable, yet not too familiar. He then picks out, from the Poem, a few single Verses, unconnected with the precedent, or subsequent ones; and takes great Care to select those Precepts, which are of the most minute, and inferior Kind, such as are incapable of Ornament, and where the Disciple must be contented with the bare Utility of the Instruction, as *Horace* says, *Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta doceri*. But he has taken great Care to pass over every Passage, in the Poem, of a more sublime, and instructive Nature, that has a Tendency to promote the Interests of Virtue, and Religion, such as the Portrait and Character of true Religion, contradistinguished to its Coun-

Counterfeit, the Birth, and Parentage of a Methodist, the Characters of *Ruth*, and *Esther*, in the *Old Testament*, exemplified, the Advantages of Education delineated, several moral Passages in *Horace*, and *Virgil* modernized and christianized, the Benefits of reading History, and particularly sacred History, the Confutation of L—d B——ke's fallacious Objections to the *Old Testament*, the Comfort and Blessings of Faith, the Dissuatives from riotous nocturnal Card-assemblies, Masquerades, and Gaming, the Persuatives to the Science of Geography, and Astronomy, the Amusements, and instructive Use of Telescopes, and Microscopes, the Description of professing a Nun, and the impious Institution of Nunneries, the various Arts of gaining, and retaining a Husband's Affections, the whole Duty of a Wife, especially in giving Suck to her own Babes, &c. &c. &c. All these, and every other Passage of a more useful, and exalted Nature, he has designedly omitted, and designedly picked out four or five Precepts of an inferior Kind, that would not admit any poetical Embellishment, yet are
 very

very useful in their Kind. Such is the impartial Candor of the *Critical Review*, whose Motto, from *Shakespear*, prefixed to its Title-page, says, — *Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in Malice.*

But by this unfair Method of criticising, it is very evident, that this Critic assumed such a Motto, only to blind and disguise his sinister Intentions, of biasing, and prejudicing the Judgment of those Readers, who form an Opinion of every new Book, from his Misrepresentations, and false Comments, that he may, by such Artifices, blast the Sale of them. Not only his immoral Purpose, but his Folly will appear still more visible by the last Remark, he made on this Poem, where he quotes the Author's concluding Lines, in which the Author imitated the Epilogue, with which *Virgil* so elegantly closes his four Books of *Georgics*, nor does the Critic pretend to find any Fault in this Imitation, but immediately makes an abrupt Transition from *Virgil* to *Ovid*, and says, "to draw a Comparison between *Ovid*,
"and the Author of *Female Conduct*, as
" *Ovid* called one of his Poems *Tristia*,
" so

“so the Author’s Poem should be called *Tristia*,” such sad Nonsense plainly proves, that the Critic’s Head is as bad as his Heart, and likewise convinces us, that his *Critical Review* may, with great Propriety, be stiled the *Monthly Critical Baviad*; from the malevolent Nonsense of that Performance, and from the great Affinity of Genius, and Character, between this Critic, and the *Roman Bavius*.

The next Attack, on this Poem, was made by the scurrilous Writer of another public Paper, called the *Monthly Review*, which, from a like Analogy of that Scribler’s Genius, and Character to the *Roman Mævius*, may as properly be stiled the *Monthly Mæviad*; the Author begs leave to relate one of the petulant Sarcasms of *Mævius*, or *Bavius*, on *Virgil’s Georgics*; for they both wrote scurrilous Sarcasms on every new Book, like our two Monthly Sriblers, they also dealt in all the small Ware of superficial Witticisms. From this following Specimen, transmitted to us by the Scholiasts, the Reader will form a just Idea of the Affinity, and Conformity of Genius, and Character, between the

the *British*, and the *Roman Bavius*, and *Mævius*. *Virgil*, having writ his Didactic Poem, called *Georgics*, at *Naples*, adapted his Precepts to that sunny Climate, and therefore advises the Husbandman to strip off his Cloaths, when he plows, and sows; *Virgil's* preceptive Verse begins thus. *Nudus ara, sere nudus*.——*Bavius* and *Mævius*, in Ridicule of that Precept, filled up the Remainder of the Verse, with the following Words, *babebris frigora, febrem*. Which Words signify to the Ploughman, that if he obeys the Poet's Precept, he will catch cold, and have a Fever. But *Virgil* held these scurrilous Scriblers in such Contempt, that he never bestowed but two Verses on them, which he put into the Mouth of a Shepherd, in his third Eclogue. These two Verses are now become a Proverb, and may be justly applied to our two Monthly Scriblers.

*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina,
Mævi,
Atque idem jungat Vulpes, et mulgeat
Hircos!*

The

The Author wishes, that it were possible to translate this Distic, without losing the Zest and Spirit of the Satire, in the Transfusion into *English*; therefore begs the Reader to accept it, in the following imperfect Translation.

*Who hates not Bavius, may he fondly praise
Thee, Mævius! and enamour'd dread thy Lays!
May that Man run nine Miles to suck a
Bull!*

And as he went from Home, return a Fool!

To render it more applicable to our *British* monthly Scriblers, it may be thus modernized.

*Who pleas'd can read the Critical Review,
May he, with Rapture, read the Monthly
too!*

*That Reader could not more transported be,
If he should read Love in a hollow Tree.*

Horace has also wrote a satirical Epode, on this *Mævius*, in which he expresses the like Antipathy to him, calls him a stinking Fellow, and wishes the Ship, in which he was

to sail, may be wrecked by a violent Tempest, and promises to sacrifice a libidinous Goat to the tempestuous Winds, if they will break the Vessel to Pieces, that his fat Carcass may be thrown into the Ocean, and yield a plentiful Feast to the Sea-fowls. By this we see, how detestable, and contemptible these two *Roman* Scriblers had rendered themselves to all Men of Candor, and true Genius, by their Arrogance, and Malevolence.

The Author is sorry to say, that such is the present Case of our two Monthly scribbling Wretches. As to our modern *Mævius*, that scurrilous Writer of the *Monthly Review*, that low Creature has the Assurance to say, that the Author stole some Lines from Mr. *Whitehead's* Song for *Ranelagh*; this is so notorious a Falshood, that it confutes itself. The Author no more regards this Scribler's Scurrilities, than the Moon does the Howling of a Dog, but he is obliged to contradict such a Falshity, in Justification of himself; he is totally unconcerned, about his being represented by this Scribler, as a bad Poet, but he would by no Means, be thought a dis-

dishonest one, having a much greater Regard to his moral, than his poetical Character. This Scribler may plead urging Necessity, for printing scurrilous Abuses, because by those he gratifies some malevolent Readers, and promotes the Sale of his *Monthly Mæviad*, but he cannot plead even Necessity for asserting and propagating notorious Falshoods, for by those, he must destroy his own Credit, and become a Bankrupt in the Scribling Trade; even that false Traitor *Sinon*, That he may gain Credit and facilitate the Execution of his wicked Purposes, says, in *Vigil's* second Eneid,

— *Nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque im-
proba finget.*

*Tho' plung'd by Fortune's Pow'r, in Misery,
'Tis not in Fortune's Pow'r to make me lie.*
Dryden.

Had not this Scribler asserted such a Falshood, the Author, in Pity to his Necessities, would have taken no Notice of

this scurrilous Wretch, but would have only said to him, what Mr. *Pope* says to *Gildon*,

*If meaner Gildon draws his venal Quill,
I wish the Wretch a Dinner, and sit still.*

Upon the Whole, although our modern *Bavius* and *Mævius*, have been very pert, and scurrilous in their Remarks on this Poem, yet the Author, in one Respect, is somewhat obliged to these laborious Scribes, for their industrious Endeavours to pick out every Fault, Spot, or Blemish, they could possibly find in it, and thinks, they well deserve such a Reward for their great Industry, as was assigned by *Jupiter*, to such a Pains-taking Critic. The Fable says, A Critic, who had carefully picked out every minute Fault, and Inaccuracy, from every Author, he had read, came to *Jupiter*, and petitioned him, to grant him a Reward of his Toil, and Diligence in thus culling every Weed, from every Book, he had perused.

Jupiter graciously granted his Request, and promised him a due Recompence, and

or-

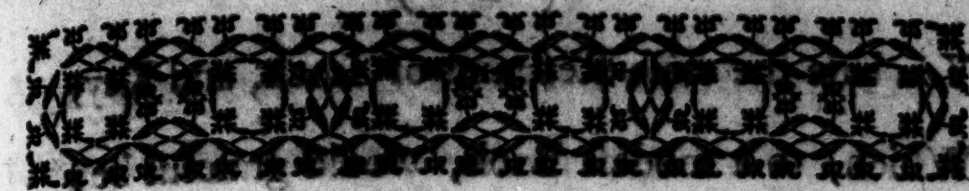
ordered him forthwith to thrash out a great Quantity of Wheat, that was laid up in a very large Barn, and carefully sift the Corn, from the Chaff, and when he had finished his Work, to return to him immediately for a Reward. At his Return, after he had with great Diligence performed his Task, *Jupiter* much commended his Industry, and therefore told him that in Recompence of his great Labor, and for having so carefully separated all the Chaff, from the Corn, he should have all the Chaff for his Pains. We may easily suppose, the poor Critic was very much disappointed in such a Reward. For he had so diligently sifted and cleared the Grain from the Dross, in Hopes of getting Bread for his Pains. The Author leaves every Reader to make his own Comment on this Fable.

The Author having modernized several Odes, and Epistles of *Horace*, as several Occasions accidentally presented themselves, has taken hold of the present Occasion to modernize the following Epistle of *Horace*.

N. B.

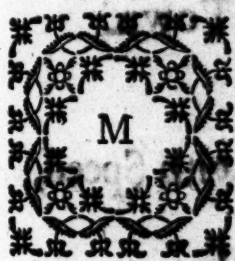
N. B. About thirty Years ago, the Author was attacked by two famous Highwaymen, called the Gregories, in Epping-forest, where he was wounded in the Breast, but afterward pursued them, and took one of them, who was condemned, and hanged, the other was killed in taking; on that Occasion, the Author modernized the 13th Ode of the second Book of Horace, where that Poet piously commemorates his Escape from the sudden Fall of a Tree, as he was walking in his Sabine Farm; the Author intends speedily to publish that modernized Ode, together with several others, on various Occasions.





THE
TWENTIETH EPISTLE
OF
HORACE
TO HIS BOOK,

Modernized by the AUTHOR of FEMALE
CONDUCT, and applied to his own Book.



Y Book! you have an Eye to Temple-

Bar,

That you may, trim, in OWEN'S Shop,
appear;

That you, with gilded Ornaments, may shine,
Polish'd without, and delicate within;

You

Vertumnus, Janusque, liber, spectare videris,
Scilicet ut prostes Soffiorum pumice mundus,
Odifti claves, et grata figilla pudico;

Paucis

You hate the close Restraint of Lock, and Key,
 Which, to a modest Book, would grateful be;
 You languish, wanton, o'er the Town, to roam,
 And will no longer be confin'd at Home;
 Seen by a Few, you now repining Sigh,
 Fond to be gaz'd on by the public Eye.
 You was not educated thus, my Dear!
 You once was coy, and full of bashful Fear;
 When bred in private, like a rural Maid,
 You dwelt, in *Hillingdon's* sequester'd Shade;
 Of that dull Solitude, now weary grown,
 With Rapture, you extol the Joys of Town.

* Go, bold Advent'rer! fly away with Speed,
 Go, where your giddy Inclinations lead.
 But go forewarn'd, from me this Lesson learn,
 "When gone from me, you never can return."

Abroad

Paucis ostendi gemis, et communia laudas;
 Non ità nutritus, fuge, quò descendere gestis;

Non

• *Ovid* says the same Thing to his Book.
I, fuge, sed poteris tutior esse domi.

Abroad you'll find few Friends, and many a Foe,
 Weigh well, what you will suffer, when you go;
 If I, your future Fate, can prescient view,
 In Town, you'll be caress'd, while you are new;
 But when, the Charm of Novelty, you lose,
 Your Lover cloy'd will treat you, with Abuse;
 Then you despis'd will wish,—but wish in vain,
 To Shades sequester'd, to retire again.
 You, to the World, yourself must recommend,
 For you, my Book, have not one puffing Friend;
 The Reader prejudic'd, you'll often find,
 To Faults quick-fighted, but to Merit blind;

Critics will read your Leaves, with Envy fraught,
 And never pleas'd, but when they find a Fault;
 Their insolent Contempt, how will you bear!
 When they disdainful toss you, in the Air?
 Sick of such Treatment, you will soon repent,
 And in Soliloquy, your Sorrow vent:
 You'll say, “ Why was I not content at Home?
 “ Why did I fondly wish, Abroad to roam?

D “ What
 Non erit emissio reditus tibi. Quid miser egi?

“ What have I done to merit such Abuse?

“ Whom have I injur'd with my moral Muse?

“ * None but a Gamester, or a Deist vain,

“ Will aim to ridicule her pious Strain;

“ While she sows Virtue's Seeds, to Nymphs a Friend,

“ Who would her Labor frustrate, but a Fiend?”

Alas, my Book! tho' you hurt Vice alone,

Yet all the Vicious will her Quarrel own;

If you strike Vice, by sympathetic Laws,

They feel the Blow, and vindicate her Cause.

Tho' neat, and elegant, you first appear'd,

Defil'd by vulgar Hands, you'll soon be smear'd;

† The

Quid volui? dices, ubi quis te læserit, et scis.

In breve te cogi, cum plenus languet amator;

Quod si non odio peccantis desipit augur,

Carus eris Romæ, donec te deserat ætas.

* It is very remarkable, that the Author of the *Monthly Biographical Dictionary* has not quoted one moral, or religious Line, in *Female Conduct*, either against Gaming, or Theism, or any other Vice, altho', at his first setting forth, he commends the Morality of the Poem, and wishes, it may effect its Purpose, of being an Antidote to the Poison of immoral, and deistical Books. This Circumstance gives just Grounds of Suspicion, that he is fond of Gaming, or a secret Friend to Theism, and Irreligion; for though he has omitted such Citations, yet he has been very careful to pick out Precepts of a more minute and inferior Kind, and endeavoured to represent them, in a ridiculous Light.

† The *British Bavius*, your clean Leaves, will stain
 ‡ With Filth, distill'd from his distemper'd Brain;
 Tho' void of Sense, and impotent of Wit,
 On you, his Froth envenom'd, he will spit.
 He will attack you, with sarcastic Sneers,
 Arm'd with pert Petulance, and vulgar Jeers;
 Tho' bold you are, yet he is bolder still,
 Who Monthly prostitutes his venal Quill;
 Soon as you are, to public Light, brought forth,
 He watches to devour you, in your Birth;
 * This Critic Monster, like a Beast of Prey,
 On ev'ry new-born Book, feeds ev'ry Day.

D 2

In

Contrectatus ubi manibus fordescere vulgi
 Coeperis

Ridebit

† *Horace*, in the fourth Satire of the first Book, expresses himself, in similar Manner.

*Nulla taberna meos habeat, neque pila libellos,
 Quæ manus infudet vulgi, Hermogenisque Tigelli.*

† These Lines allude to the following Verse, in *Horace*, Satir,
 7. Lib. 1.

Proscripti Regis Rupili pus, atque venenum.

* The Author here alludes to the Story of the *Minotaur*, a Monster, half Man, half Bull, who yearly devoured seven of the noblest *Athenian* Youths, till *Theseus* slew that Man-devouring Monster.

In frantic Fits, your Couplets he'll disjoin,
 Aiming to ridicule each single Line;
 By this, he will untune your Verse, to Prose,
 That he, to Laughter, may your Song expose.
 Critics, like Robbers, in a Gang combine,
Mævius, with *Bavius*, will his Forces join;
 His furious Spite, not satiate with Abuse,
 Of Theft, your Page unjustly will accuse;
 * He, like *Procrustes*, to attain his Aim,
 Will lop, or stretch you, to his Critic Frame;
 Or Piece-meal mangle your dismember'd Page,
 And tear you, Limb from Limb, in murd'rous Rage;
 Thus you, by Scriblers torn, not by the Fair,
 The Fate of *Orpheus* undeserv'd, will share;
 For you strove hard to merit female Praise,
 While you taught them the gentle Art to please.

When

Ridebit Monitor non exauditus, ut ille,
 Qui malè parentem in rupes detruxit asellum
 Iratus, quis enim invitum fervare laboret?

Aut

* *Procrustes* was a notorious Robber in *Attica*, who forced those, he entertained, to lie along a Bed, or Couch, and if they were too long for the Bed, then he lopped off their Feet, and if they were too short, then he stretched them to the Dimensions of the Bed.

When this shall happen, I, (who, in your Ear,
 Instill'd good Counsel, which you would not hear)
 In your Distress, will scornful laugh at you,
 Like him, who, down a Rock, in Anger threw
 The Afs, that would not his Commands pursue;
 Who'll strive, against his Will to save a Fool,
 Whom friendly Admonitions can't control?

If you, these critic Tortures, should survive,
 And in Despite of Foes confed'rate live;
 Yet a worfe Fate will you, at Length, attend,
 More tragical will be your latter End;
 When obsolete, the Nymphs will read no more
 Your Leaves, you will a Ban-box cover o'er;
 Or like Wast-paper, into Pieces rent,
 You banish'd, to the Indies, will be sent;
 Or in a Stall, to catch each passing Eye,
 Among old Books, you will expanded lie;

* Where

Aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes,
 Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mitteris Ilerdam.
 Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
 Occupet, extremis in vicis, balba senectus.

* Where *Smollet's* History, grown cheap, and stale,
 With his Romances, will be spread, for Sale;
 Or quite forgot, and long in Silence laid,
 His Works, and you, will Moths inactive feed.
 Whether, by Cynic Critics, Piece-meal torn,
 Or by the Moths, to slow Consumption, worn;
 Or in a Stall expos'd, with *Smollet's* Works,
 His Annals, Novels, and his Critic Quirks;
 Or to the *Indias* sent, whate'er your Fate,
 It grieves me not, this Truth you shall relate,
 That I ne'er thirsted, for poetic Fame,
 That to instruct the Fair, is all my Aim,
 Fond of your moral, and religious Theme;
 † That quells the Venom of the Sceptic's Pen,
 ‡ And drags the Gamester, from his private Den,

* That

* This voluminous Writer has not only published large Historical Extracts, but is likewise the reputed Writer of the much-renowned *Roderic Random*, and *Peregrine Pickle*.

† This Line alludes to *Female Conduct*, Page 154, where the Author censures L—d B——'s posthumous Works, and answers his Objections, to the sacred History of the *Christian Religion*.

‡ This Line refers to Page 197, Book the first, and to Page 245, Book the second, where private Gaming, now much in Fashion, among both Sexes, is set forth, in proper Colours.

* That teaches, whence the *Methodist* arose,
 And from what Source, religious Frenzy flows;
 † That marks the Bounds of Virtue, and of Wit,
 And shows the real, from the Counterfeit;
 ‡ That, from primæval Time, the Truth displays,
 Which now shines manifest in Gospel-rays.
 You too shall tell the World, that I, thro' Life,
 In Ease ignoble, shun'd Ambition's Strife;
 That I, on Birth-right Titles, look with Scorn,
 Of honest, tho' not noble, Parents born;
 For Virtue only can give true Renown,
 Our Sire's Exploits, we cannot call our own;

Yet

Cum tibi Sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,
 Me libertino natum Patre, et in tenui re,
 Majores pennas nido extendisse loqueris,
 Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas.

Me

* These two Lines refer to Page 90, where the Parentage, Education, Manners, and Character, of a *Methodist*, are delineated, in full Length.

† These two Lines refer to Page 59, and from Page 80, to 89, where true Wit, Virtue, and Religion, are distinguished from the Counterfeit.

‡ These Lines refer, from Page 136, to Page 154, where the Author has given a compendious Detail of the principal Truths, contained in the *Old*, and *New Testament*, and their Connections, with each other.

Yet blest with Wealth, beyond a Poet's Fate,
 Heav'n rais'd me, independent on the Great;
 And stretch'd my Pinions, far beyond my Nest,
 * Still adding Gifts poetic, to the rest;
 That I, the Teacher, of the pleasing Art,
 Practise the Rules, your candid Leaves impart;
 By which, I can censorious Tongues appease,
 And all, but *Bavius*, and vile *Mævius*, please;
 Whilst I still strive, a due Regard to show,
 To all above me, and to all below;
 Master of Temper, to that mild Degree,
 Which can forgive a Critic Enemy;
 Which, all the Ills of Life, unmov'd can bear,
 And still in Suff'ring, patient persevere;
 Of Stature tall, in Body thin, and lean,
 In Spirit, seldom troubled with the Spleen,
 Joyous in Sun-shine, and a Sky serene;

Me primis urbis, belli placuisse, domique,
 Corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum,

Irasci

* The Author here means no vain Boast of a poetical Talent,
 but expresses his Gratitude to Heaven, for giving him that Love of
 Poetry, which makes him fond of moral, and religious Subjects.

If any Curious ask my Age, unfold,
 To them, another Truth, let them be told,
 That Toil, and Temperance, will ne'er let me be
 old;

Toil gives my Blood a Circulation pure,
 While Temp'rance joins her salutary Pow'r;
 Add one Truth more, to your concluding Page,
 If old, I feel not the Defects of Age;
 That I, of Health possessing youthful Store,
 Am young, as *Horace* was, at Forty-four;
 These Truths you shall aver, in that blest Year,
 When *England* gave her Bank to *Burrel's* Care.

*Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.
 Fortè meum ſi quis te percontabitur ævum,
 Me quater undenos ſciat impleviſſe decembres,
 Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.*

The AUTHOR'S Postscript to his BOOK.

TELL *Bavius*, and tell *Mævius* too, that I,
 The *Baviad*, and the *Mæviad*, still defy;
 * He fears not, with two Pigmies, to engage,
 Who fought the bold *Goliab* of our Age;
 Shall he regard, what either Scribler prints,
 Their Quirks, and Quibbles, and Italic Hints?
 Insipid Jests, dull Jeers, and low Conceits,
 The Rage, and Impotence of Vulgar Wits?
 My injur'd Book! tho' 'tis your fav'rite Care,
 To give Instruction, only to the Fair;
 Yet give a little, to each Critic Foe,
 On each, a needful Charity bestow,

* In

* These two Lines allude to what the Author has said in his Preface, where he calls L——d B———ke the *Goliab* of the *British* Theists, and hopes to find a vulnerable Part in that vaunting Champion, as little *David* did in the *Philistine*, and to wound him in the same Place, that the Defeat of their Champion may be the Means of reconciling some of them to the Belief of the Gospel-dispensation, whose Foundation is laid in the authentic Records of the *Mosaic* History. The Author has some Reason to boast of a Victory over this Deistical Champion, because neither *Bavius* nor *Mævius* have ventured to attack that Part of his Poem, where he has confuted that Champion's fallacious Objections to the sacred History of the *Old Testament*.

- * In their vain Ears, this friendly Precept pour,
 " Thou *Bavius*, and thou *Mævius*! write no more,
 " Vile Scribes, hateful as in Days of Yore!
 " In all its Efforts, Vanity restrain,
 " The Stupid are far wiser, than the Vain;
 " Ah! scribble not, then you may pass for Dull,
 " The Pen ne'er fails to manifest the Fool.
 " The Tree, to Owls, a silent Seat allows,
 " In the dark Covert of its shady Boughs;
 " When they take Flights, and brave the Face of
 Day,
 " And hooting on the highest Branches play;

" They

* The Author, observing that *Bavius*, and *Mævius*, in their late Remarks on his Book, have not found any Fault with his *Latin* Compositions, and being also sensible of their great Dislike to his *English* ones, has therefore translated this friendly Precept into *Latin*, in Hopes, that they will like it best in *Latin*, and by that Means be more easily persuaded to the Practice of it. For the Author has remarked, in his Preface to *Female Conduct*, that Advice, being a Kind of nauseous Physic to the Stomach, tho' very salutary to the Brain, ought to be conveyed, in the most pleasing Vehicle: The Author also well knows, that no physical Precept can be more disagreeable to such vain monthly Scribes, as *Bavius*, and *Mævius*, than that, which denies them the Use of Pen, and Ink, and Paper; for these Reasons, he hopes, the following Transfusion of this Precept into *Latin* Hexameters will render it more palatable to them, and reconcile their natural Aversion to such wholesome Physic of the Mind.

“ They by their Voice, and by the Light, betray

“ The Sport of all the feather'd Kind are made,

“ Only secure in Silence, and in Shade,

Auribus infundas præceptum hoc utile vanis,

“ *Mævi, Tuque Britanne Bavi, neu scribere perge*

“ *Ut veteres illi Romani, odiosus uterque;*

“ *Inflatæ fastum compescite mentis inanem,*

“ *Non tam desipiunt stupidi, quam mente tument*

“ *Infulsi tantum tunc nomen habebit uterque,*

“ *Ah! ne scribatis, calamus Stultum indicat usque*

“ *Arboris in ramis internis, Bubo quiescit,*

“ *Abditus, atque silens, umbris agit otia opacis,*

“ *Sin audet, luce in clarâ, volitare per auras,*

“ *Aut si vociferans ramorum in culmine ludit,*

“ *Tum sua vox, et lux, Bubonem nudat ineptum,*

“ *Ludibrium cunctis avibus, taciturnus in umbrâ*

“ *Risu, et contemptu, vixisset tutus ab omni.”*

F I N I S.

